

Good 678 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Calling E.R.A. Dick Waters

WE had a lot of fun when we wished to C.P.O. T. H. Carter went into Hitchin to get some news from home for you. E.R.A. Dick Waters.

We went over the hill and right along the Pirton Road into Pirton without finding your home. There, after getting considerably tied up with numbers of turkeys from the farm nearby, we found somebody who told us where Hillbrow was.

We went all the way back along Pirton Road, and there, plain as anything, was your parents' house. Of course, it hadn't occurred to us that Hillbrow would most probably be on the brow of a hill!

Your mother, looking very well, as you will see from the picture, opened the door to us, and after we had told her why we had called, she took us into the garden. Well, we really were surprised.

Although it was so early in the season, everything was simply shooting up. There were almost fully-grown lettuces, peas beginning to climb up the sticks, potatoes several inches high, and, in addition to the vegetables, the strawberries were covered with flowers, and your favourite russet apple tree promises a very heavy crop.

As if this were not enough, there was a truly magnificent display of border flowers round an immaculate lawn. Yes, the garden is certainly a credit to your mother!

Your little niece Rosemary was visiting at your home until recently, and one of her most frequent wishes is that "Uncle Dick should hurry up back so that we can have some fun together again."

Your mother sends best

Bunty Pulls the Strings for E.R.A.

Bill Hay

IF it's Trouble you're after, Bunty's the name," might be a suggestion for the family slogan at 37 Temple Road, Hounslow.

Although eleven-year-old Bunty behaved with great decorum during our visit to your home, E.R.A. Bill Hay, we can quite believe, after seeing that mischievous twinkle, that she is deserving of your nickname for her.

Still, she's very much looking forward to your return, and to show you that she's not as black as she's painted, she's saved up a huge pile of comics for you.

Vera was working at the biscuit factory when we called, but we had the good fortune to find Edie on twenty-four hours' leave from the W.A.A.F., and though she was shy at first, we did eventually persuade her to make up the group for the picture.

She told us she is still trying to learn the Palais Glide, and hopes it won't be long before you can have those Sunday morning sessions again.

Another shy individual at

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER EVEN THE B.B.C. GOT THIS RECORD WRONG

"I HAVE received a letter from a young friend who is serving in the South-East Asia Command," said the Guv'nor, when the sporting pals had gathered for the evening at the Jolly Roger, "and he wants me to let him know as soon as possible the name of the holder of the world's 100 yards record and the time of the record."

"He mentions that sport occupies most of their leisure thoughts, and he wishes that I could be on the spot to answer their multitude of questions, which give rise to terrific arguments. Much as I should like to be with those fine boys, I have no great desire to go to Burma at my time of life. It is too hot for me. But I have sent off the details by air mail, and I trust the answer is satisfactory."

"AND who holds the 100 yards record?" asked Paddy.

The Guv'nor laughed as he said: "It seems to me that this question is going to be a hardy annual until some wonder sprinter comes along and knocks a fraction of a second off the time. Now, I'll bet drinks all round that Bernard, whose knowledge of records in the sporting line is pretty good, will not be able to answer the question off-hand. What about it, Bernard?"

"It's easy," answered Bernard. "Only a short while back a commentator on the B.B.C. announced that Jesse Owens holds the record. I can't give the time without looking it up."

"That's the reason for all those terrific arguments in messes and canteens wherever Servicemen meet together to discuss their favourite topics," said the Guv'nor. "Let me tell you that the B.B.C. man was wrong, and I will draw the drinks."

"The 100 yards record had stood for 35 years. It was on the 13th of February, 1910, that Jack Donaldson, the Australian sprinter, won the world's championship in a race at Johannesburg. His time stands at 9½ secs. Jesse Owens returned 9.4 secs. at Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A., on the 25th of May, 1935—just over twenty years later.

"At the period Donaldson

made his record there were no stop-watches made which registered in one-hundredths of a second, or, if they were made, they were not in general use. I believe they were introduced a few years later. But in order to arrive at the difference you have to bring Donaldson's time to the equivalent in one-hundredths.

"Thus, instead of saying 9½ secs., we put it at 9.37-100ths. This is 2½ 100ths better than Owens' time of 9.4, which, of course, is 9.40-100ths. If you think that it sounds rather like splitting hairs, you can work out the distance that this difference represents. I should say, at a rough computation, that it represents eight inches.

"In a sprint race one frequently sees the winner breast the tape a bare inch in front of the second man, so that the margin is a fairly distinct one."

"Now that you have explained it," said Bernard, "I can see how easily most people would jump to the conclusion that the record is held by the American."

"Yes, and you have to speak to somebody whose job takes him among people who discuss these things to realise how widespread is the belief that Owens holds the record. My old friend Joe Binks, your name, Michigan, U.S.A., on the 25th of May, 1935—just over twenty years later.

"At the period Donaldson

told me that he is swamped with letters asking him to explain the sprint record.

"It was Joe Binks who told me the details of that amazing race in which Donaldson made his world record. The track had been flooded in the afternoon by a heavy thunderstorm, but it was not in bad condition when the big race came on at ten o'clock in the evening. On that very notable evening, three of the world's greatest sprinters, Jack Donaldson, Arthur Postle (both Australians) and Charles Holway, of America, met to decide the 100 yards world championship.

"There was unusually heavy betting on the race, and Donaldson was favourite. Postle was the fastest away and led by a yard in the first ten yards, a lead which was increased to three yards at the halfway mark. As the great crowd shouted 'Postle wins!' Donaldson was working up to a terrific pace, and gradually reduced the lead a yard at 60, another at 80, and then the final burst of speed to shoot past Postle and win by 2½ yards in the extraordinary time of 9½ secs."

"Was the method of timing the same then as now?" asked Paddy.

"Certainly," answered the Guv'nor. "All the conditions governing international records were observed, otherwise it would not have been accepted. There were three time-keepers, all of international repute as watch-holders. They were R. Naylor, N. T. Seccombe and P. Cannon. Naylor's watch recorded 9½ secs., and the other two showed 9¾, which was the time returned.

"It is difficult to improve on this method of timing, especially for sprint races, although many people hold the view that the timing should be automatic. The human element must always be taken into account.

and it is rare to find three men with the same reaction. The general idea is that two of the three may be correct, but it can easily be imagined that some of the time records which have been won by a fraction of a second may not have been returned if the broken ray method had been used."

"I have tried my hand with a stop-watch," said Paddy, "when timing racehorses, and I can say how difficult it is to swear that you are accurate to within a fifth of a second, never mind a 50th."

"Greyhound racing experts have brought time-keeping to a fine art," said Bernard. "I know several people who will wager that they can snap a watch correctly to within one-hundredth of a second. After all, it is merely a question of constant practice."

"That may be," replied Paddy, "but for preference give me the broken ray for consistent accuracy."

"It is scarcely practicable, under present conditions," said the Guv'nor, "to use that method at athletic meetings. For one thing, it would be much too expensive, because of the need for an elaborate ar-



No. 37 was Rex. Although he was allowed in the front room specially for the occasion, he was very much put out by the camera. However, we did get him in the photograph, and you'll notice he's carrying his years remarkably well!

We know you don't care for Smutty, but we thought we'd let you know he—or is it she?—is still around.

Your mother and father are both very well, and Dad is liking his job. He wishes you all the best of luck and hopes it won't be long now before you get back.

We remarked on the currant

recently. They had a very nice wedding, with about sixty guests, and it was a pity you couldn't be there, too.

You probably remember Mrs. Hudson's novel way of attracting Mum's attention, Bill? Well, her aim is as good as ever it was! However, she joins everyone at home in wishing you a speedy and safe return home.

Well, if you bear in mind the Palais Glide, the noisy music you're so fond of, the mounting pile of comics, and the grand celebration you'll have, you'll certainly make that return speedy, Bill.



"Charming tune, that last one I played, don't you think, Nobby?"

arrangement which would cover all the various distances which make up a programme of racing at an athletic meeting.

It is a different matter with greyhound racing. Most of the races are over the fixed standard distance for the course, and greyhound meetings are held twice a week in normal times, with plenty of money swelling the profits.

Compare this state of affairs with an amateur athletic meeting, held once a year, and which probably just about covers expenses.

"I see the point," answered Paddy, "and guess that hand timekeepers will have to be employed for a long time to come. Still, thanks for the information about that 100 yards record. I'm sure to hear some fellow offering to bet that Jesse Owens is the record-holder, and then—well, I'll be able to strike a juicy bet."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Finish of BLUNDELL'S IMPROVEMENT

By
W. W. Jacobs

MR. TURNBULL stopped, but Mr. Turnbull by the collar. He could see nothing, and even when Blundell pointed it out with his finger he had no better success. He stepped forward a pace, and his suspicions returned with renewed vigour as a hand was laid caressingly on his shoulder.

The next moment, with a wild shriek, he shot suddenly over the edge and disappeared. Venia and the sergeant, turning hastily, were just in time to see the fountain which ensued on his immersion.

"Oh, save him!" cried Venia.

The sergeant ran to the edge and gazed in helpless dismay as Mr. Turnbull came to the surface and disappeared again.

At the same moment, Blundell, who had thrown off his coat, dived into the harbour, and, rising rapidly to the surface, caught the fast choking said the fisherman; "don't let

"Keep still," he cried sharply, as the farmer tried to clutch wound the rope round his wrist and began to regain his presence of mind as they were drawn steadily towards the in steps.

A stout fisherman who had not run for thirty years came along the edge of the quay at a shambling trot, with a coil of rope over his arm.

John Blundell saw him, and, mindful of the farmer's warning about kissing of fingers, etc., raised his disengaged arm and took that frenzied gentleman below the surface again.

By the time they came up he was very glad for his own sake to catch the line skilfully thrown by the old fisherman and be drawn gently to the side.

"I'll tow you to the steps,"

go o' the line."

Mr. Turnbull saw to that; he

rel trundled by a breathless

Samaritan did him more good

than anything.

"Good-bye, Venia," he said,

in a faint voice, "good-bye."

Miss Turnbull sobbed and

took his hand.

"He's shamming," roared Mr. Turnbull, incensed beyond measure at the faithful manner in which Blundell was carrying out his instructions. "He pushed me in."

There was an angry murmur from the bystanders.

"Be reasonable, Mr. Turnbull," said the sergeant, somewhat sharply.

"He nearly lost his life over you," said the stout fisherman. "As plucky a thing as ever I see. If I hadn't ha' been 'andy with that there line you'd both ha' been drowned."

"Give my love to everybody," said Blundell faintly. "Good-bye, Venia. Good-bye, Mr. Turnbull."

"Where's that barrel?" demanded the stout fisherman, crisply. "Going to be all night with it? Now, two of you—"

Mr. Blundell, with a great effort, and assisted by Venia and the sergeant, sat up.

He felt that he had made a good impression, and had no desire to spoil it by riding the barrel. With one exception, everybody was regarding him with moist-eyed admiration.

The exception's eyes were, perhaps, the moistest of them all, but admiration had no place in them.

"You're all being made fools of," he said, getting up and stamping. "I tell you he pushed me overboard for the purpose."

"Oh, father! How can you?" demanded Venia, angrily. "He saved your life."

"He pushed me in," repeated the farmer. "Told me to look at a jelly-fish and pushed me in."

"What for?" inquired Sergeant Daly.

"Because—" said Mr. Turnbull. He looked at the sergeant, and the words on his lips died away in an articulate growl.

"What for?" pursued the sergeant, in triumph. "Be reasonable, Mr. Turnbull. Where's the reason in pushing you overboard and then nearly losing your life saving you? That would be a fool's trick. It was as fine a thing as ever I

saw."

"What you 'ad, Mr. Turnbull," said the stout fisherman, tapping him on the arm, "was a little touch o' the sun."

"What felt to you like a push," said another man, "and over you went."

"As easy as easy," said a third.

Mr. Turnbull looked at them, and the circle of intelligent faces grew misty before his angry eyes. One man, ignoring his sodden condition, recommended a wet handkerchief tied round his brow.

"I don't want any thanks. Mr. Turnbull," said Blundell, feebly, as he was assisted to his feet. "I'd do as much for you again."

The stout fisherman patted him admiringly on the back, and Mr. Turnbull felt like a prophet beholding a realised vision as the spectators clustered round Mr. Blundell, and followed their friend's example. Tenderly but firmly they led the hero in triumph up the quay towards home, shouting out eulogistic descriptions of his valour to curious neighbours as they passed.

Mr. Turnbull, churlishly keeping his distance in the rear of the procession, received in grim silence the congratulations of his friends.

The extraordinary hallucination caused by the sunstroke lasted with him for over a week, but at the end of that time his mind cleared and he saw things in the same light as reasonable folk.

Venia was the first to congratulate him upon his recovery; but his extraordinary behaviour in proposing to Miss Sippet the very day on which she herself became Mrs. Blundell convinced her that his recovery was only partial.

THE END

QUIZ for today

5. Which famous band leader is also an ace racing motorist at Brooklands?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 63, 42, 21, 34, 49, 56.

Answers to Quiz
in No. 677

1. Bird.

2. 746 watts.

3. Beck-uns-field.

4. Lapwing.

5. 173 m.p.h.

6. Metre belongs to the metric system; others don't.

The Things People Do

MR. CHARLES FARR, Chobham Street, Luton, is still carrying his hat, not out, with a score of 83. Well-known figure in Luton's streets, he claims to have carried hats for more than 100,000 miles in travelling about the district on business. Although he is 83 years old, he is looking forward to throwing his hat into the air when all this bother in the world is over.

ONLY eight years after the law forcing motor-cars to be preceded by a man bearing a red flag had been abolished, Captain L. W. Cox started in the motor trade. He has just resigned his job as sales manager of Rolls-Royce after nearly forty years' service.

He recalls how, in the early days of motor-ing, wealthy customers had car-bodies made to suit their individual whims, whatever the current fashion might be. One tall customer always insisted on a high roof, so that he could wear his top-hat without getting it bashed in every time he got into his motor.

Captain Cox likes fast driving. His best trips have been from London to Glasgow, at an average speed of 51 miles an hour; London to Newcastle, at an average 60; and London to Poole, at 64.

But that was before the 30-miles-an-hour speed limit in built-up areas.

IT looks as though Mr. Henry Dutton, Croxton Road, West Dulwich, is in the running for the long-term job stakes.

Every morning for 67 years he has closed the front gate to walk the half-mile to Dulwich Station to catch the train to Blackfriars. And every morning he has climbed Ludgate Hill to do his bit as a member of the choir at St. Paul's Cathedral.

He has sung under four Deans and at three Coronations, and is always in his place for the morning and afternoon services.

Singing for a living hasn't tired him out, yet.

SON of a Torquay lifeboat coxswain, Mr. Brown, treasurer of the Free Church Federal Council, was persuaded by his father not to go to sea. But at 63 he still gets sniffing the off-sea breeze, and is a handy yachtsman.

But the things he likes best are books. His flat in Bloomsbury, London, is papered with them—some 12,000 volumes, in three rooms. A tidy bit to spring-clean.

And his favourite book? O.K. You got it. The Bible.

BOMBARDIER A. SWAIN, Dunstable Road, Luton, physical training instructor in the Middle East, takes a run round the Pyramids every morning as a muscle-loosener.

POPEYE



BELINDA



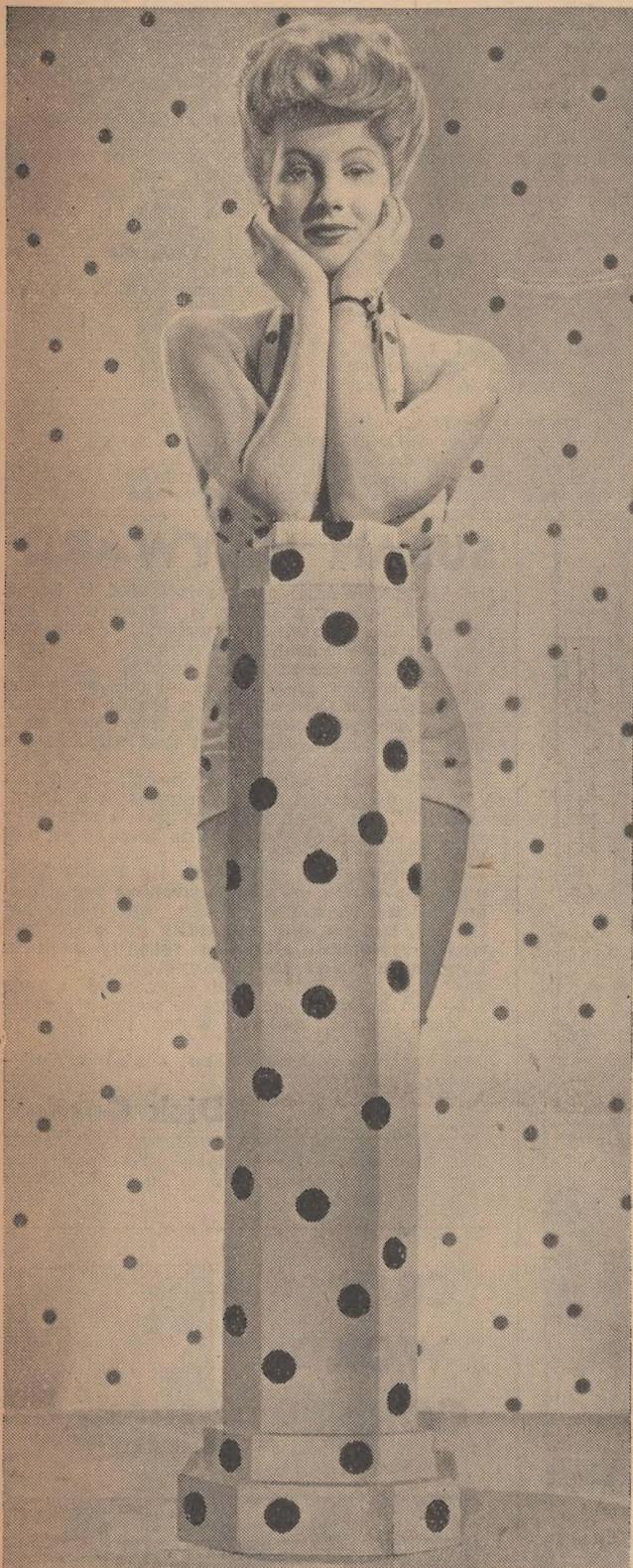
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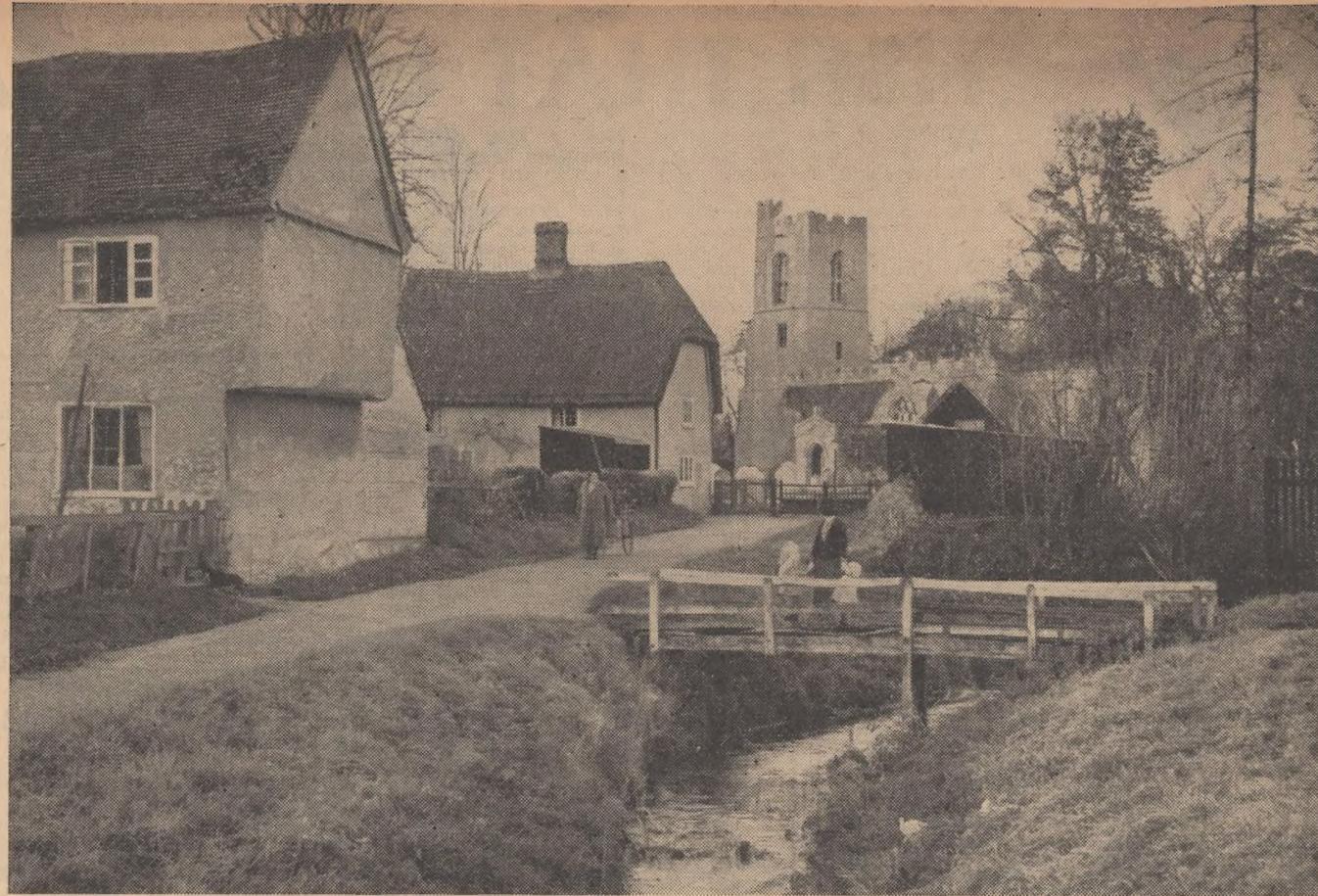
D.N.K.B.

Good Morning

SPOTS BEFORE
THE EYES!



Here's a novelty pin-up for youse guys. Chili Williams, former New York model, now making her film debut for R.K.O. Radio, poses for you as "Patience on a Pillar."



THE ENGLISH VILLAGE. These old stone cottages, nestling beside the Norman church, are in the tiny village of Wilden, in Bedfordshire. A babbling brook, bright with water irises, tumbles down from the hazel copse to slide past the churchyard wall.



★ "WHAT A NECK!" Every time we see a picture of a giraffe, we feel like the little boy at the Zoo whose father pointed out a giraffe to him, and he took one astonished look at it and said: "I don't believe it."



MASS SURRENDER OF U-BOATS.—This heart-gladdening picture was taken off Londonderry. It shows German U-boats surrendering to the Allied navies. Eight surrendered at one go—seven are shown in this remarkable long-range shot.